

REMENDER • CRAIG • BOYD

DEADLY CLASS



1988

#21

DIE FOR ME
PART FIVE

RICK REMENDER • Writer
WES CRAIG • Artist
JORDAN BOYD • Colorist
RUS WOOTON • Letterer
SEBASTIAN GIRNER • Editor

Variant Cover by Wes Craig.

DEADLY CLASS created by
Rick Remender & Wes Craig

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...IT *WASN'T* JUST FUCKING.

IT GOT WORSE AND WORSE.

MY MOM STOPPED TALKING TO ME.

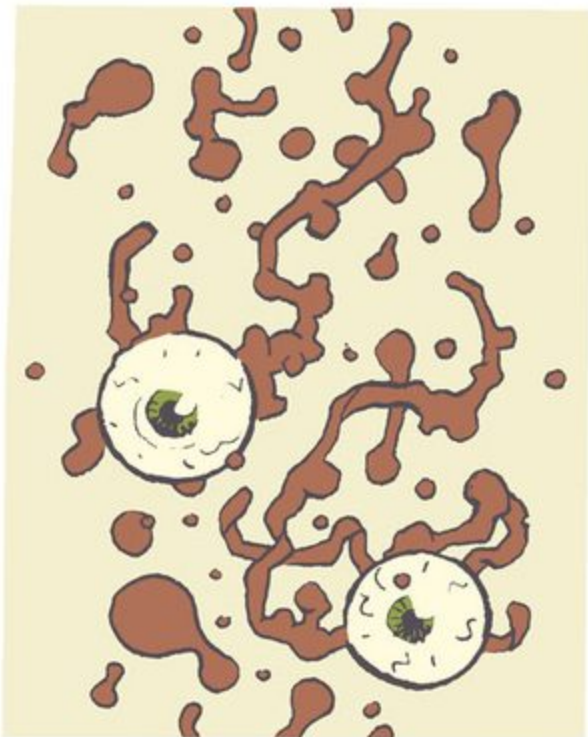
DAD SAID IT WAS BECAUSE "SHE HAD TO SEPARATE HERSELF FROM ME EMOTIONALLY TO DO WHAT WAS NECESSARY."



"I'D CELEBRATED MY ELEVENTH BIRTHDAY ALONE. I WENT TO MAKE MYSELF A BOWL OF CEREAL WITH SOME MILK I'D STOLEN."

"WHEN I OPENED THE FRIDGE I FOUND A MASON JAR IN THE BACK OF IT."

"I PULLED IT OUT..."



"...AND MY MOTHER'S GREEN EYES LOOKED BACK AT ME."



"WHEN MY DAD CAME IN I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO KILL ME."

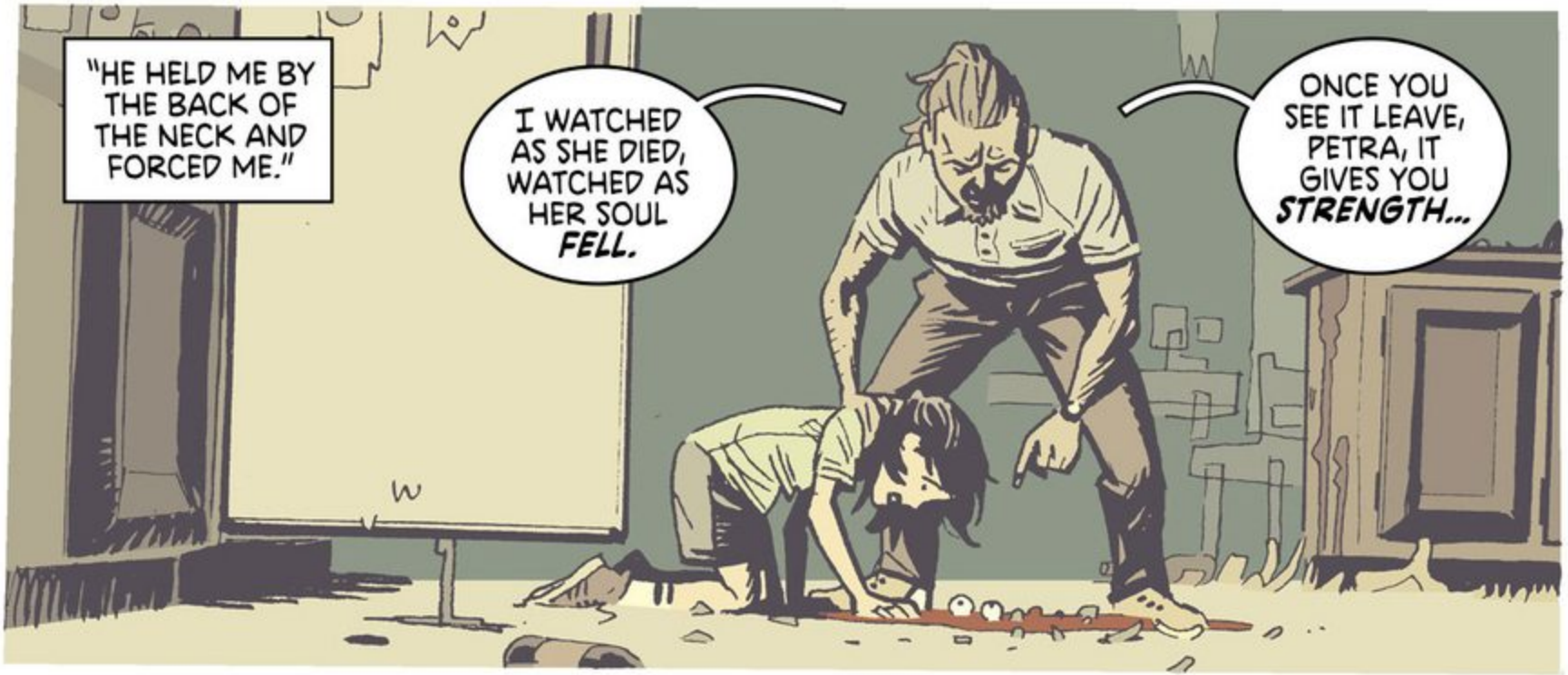
"*LITERALLY* KILL ME."

"INSTEAD, HE TOLD ME TO LOOK INTO HER EYES."

"HE HELD ME BY THE BACK OF THE NECK AND FORCED ME."

I WATCHED AS SHE DIED, WATCHED AS HER SOUL *FELL*.

ONCE YOU SEE IT LEAVE, PETRA, IT GIVES YOU *STRENGTH...*



"...AND YOU NO LONGER FEAR DEATH."

AND THEN HE JUST LEFT FOR WORK.

...



YEAH, SO YOU TELL ME SOMETHING, BILLY.

WITH EVERYTHING WE'VE BEEN THROUGH...





"...HOW WERE WE SUPPOSED TO END UP ANY OTHER WAY?"

I WAIT FOR HIM TO PULL THE TRIGGER.

EVERY SECOND THAT PASSES.
A POTENTIAL LAST BREATH.
HOW LONG HAVE WE BEEN
STANDING HERE LIKE THIS?
HOW DID WE END UP HERE?



HE DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING.

NOTHING LEFT.

JUST FINDING THE NERVE.
LOOKING FOR THE SPARK--
THEN--
DON'T LET HIM--DON'T WAIT--
THE LAST MOMENT OF YOUR
STUPID LIFE--SAY **SOMETHING**--



--SAY THE **RIGHT** SOMETHING.

DON'T KILL ME.

PERFECT.

LAST WORDS ARE A CLICHÉ.

AFTER EVERYTHING WE'VE BEEN THROUGH...

CLICHÉ DOUBLE DOWN.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SHOOT ME, WILLIE.



WHY'S THAT?

CAUSE I'M A FUCKIN' PUNK?



NO! NO! **FUCK!**

DON'T PUT THAT **BULLSHIT** HEAD-TRIP ON ME--**THAT'S YOUR OWN THING!**

I JUST, I MEAN--



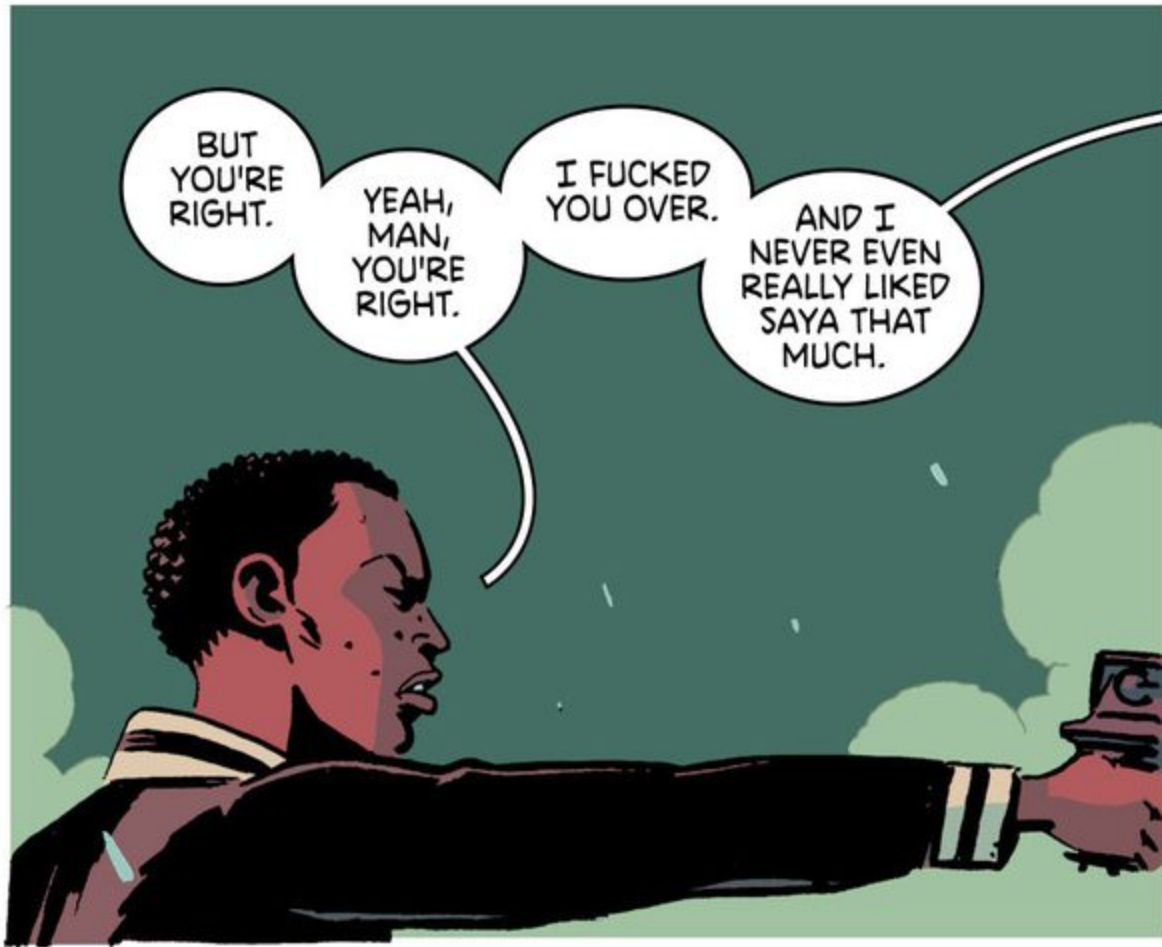


SOON AS MARIA AND SAYA, SOON AS WE GOT MIXED UP WITH THEM IT ALL CHANGED.

YOU STOPPED HANGING OUT, WROTE ME THE FUCK OFF!

THE THREE OF YOU IN THAT CUTE LITTLE TRIANGLE--
I WAS JUST THE THIRD WHEEL EVERYWHERE WE WENT!





BUT YOU'RE RIGHT.

YEAH, MAN, YOU'RE RIGHT.

I FUCKED YOU OVER.

AND I NEVER EVEN REALLY LIKED SAYA THAT MUCH.



WISH I'D NEVER MET HER.

SOMETIMES I THINK THIS IS WHAT SHE WANTED.

MAYBE SHE SET THIS UP TO PLAY OUT LIKE THIS.



IT'S NOT TOO LATE.

YOU'RE STILL CLEAN, MAN. NO BLOOD ON YOUR HANDS.

YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW WHAT THAT'S LIKE. *TRUST ME--*



I KILLED MY COUSIN JIMMY BACK AT THE SCHOOL.

I SHOT HIM IN THE BACK, SAME AS I SHOT MY DAD.

SAYA TRICKED ME, MAN...



PRETENDED THAT SHE WAS 'BOUT TO GET CAPPED... BUT HER SWORD, HER FUCKIN' SWORD WAS *RIGHT THERE*.

WHAT KIND OF PERSON DOES SOMETHING LIKE THAT?



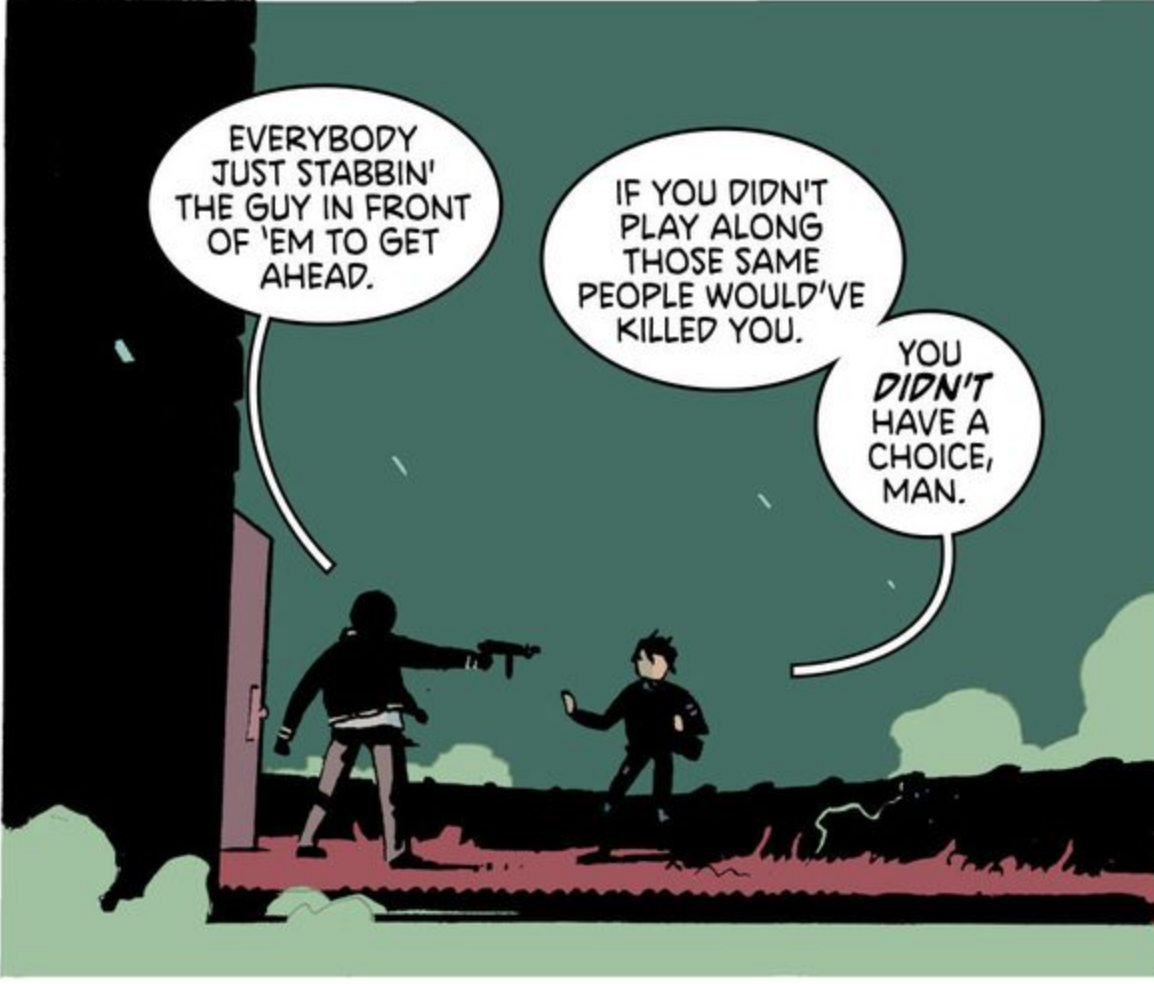
I ERASED HIS *EVERYTHING...* EVERY SINGLE THING HE HAD TO LOOK FORWARD TO.



IF SAYA PUT YOU UP TO IT OR NOT--

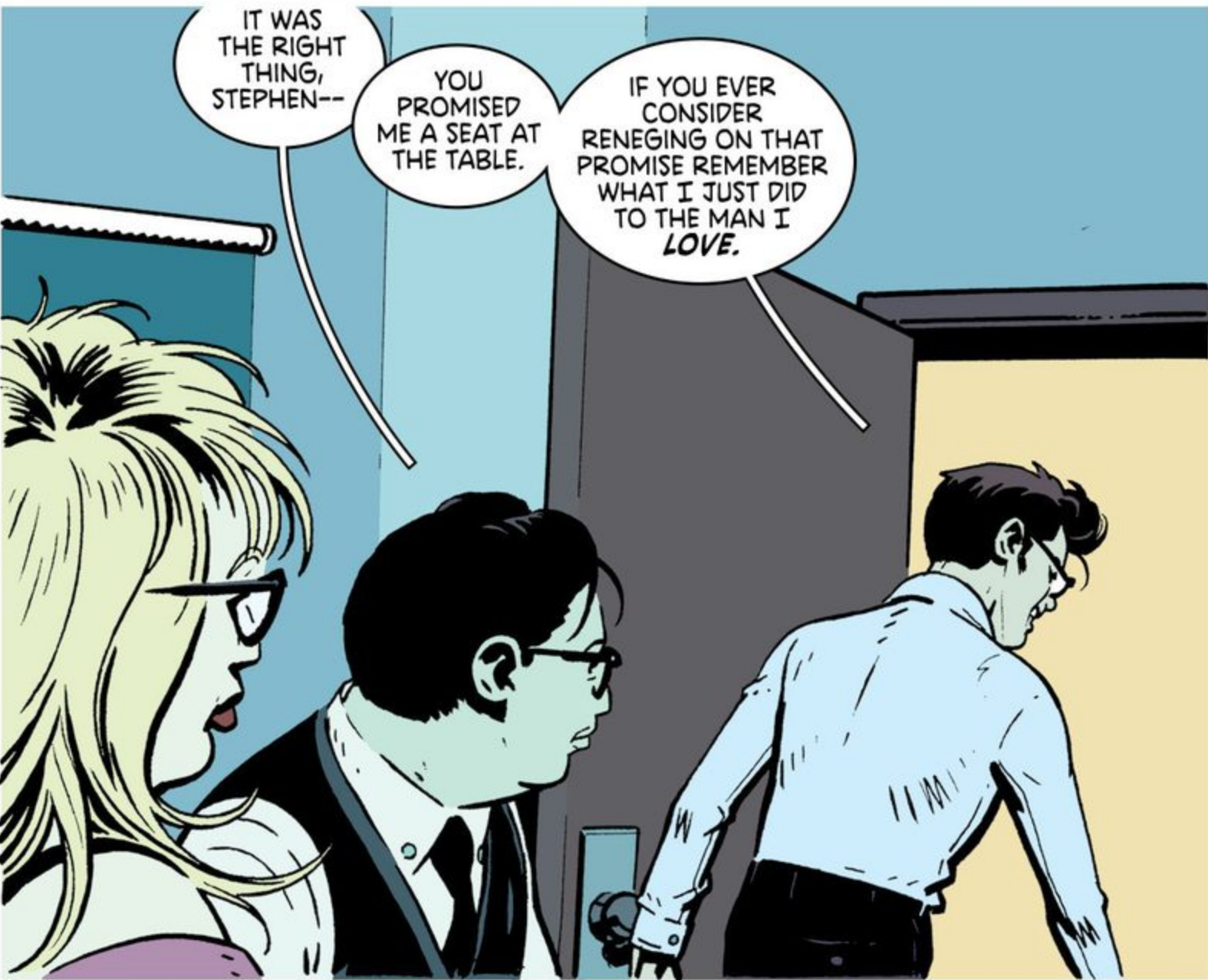


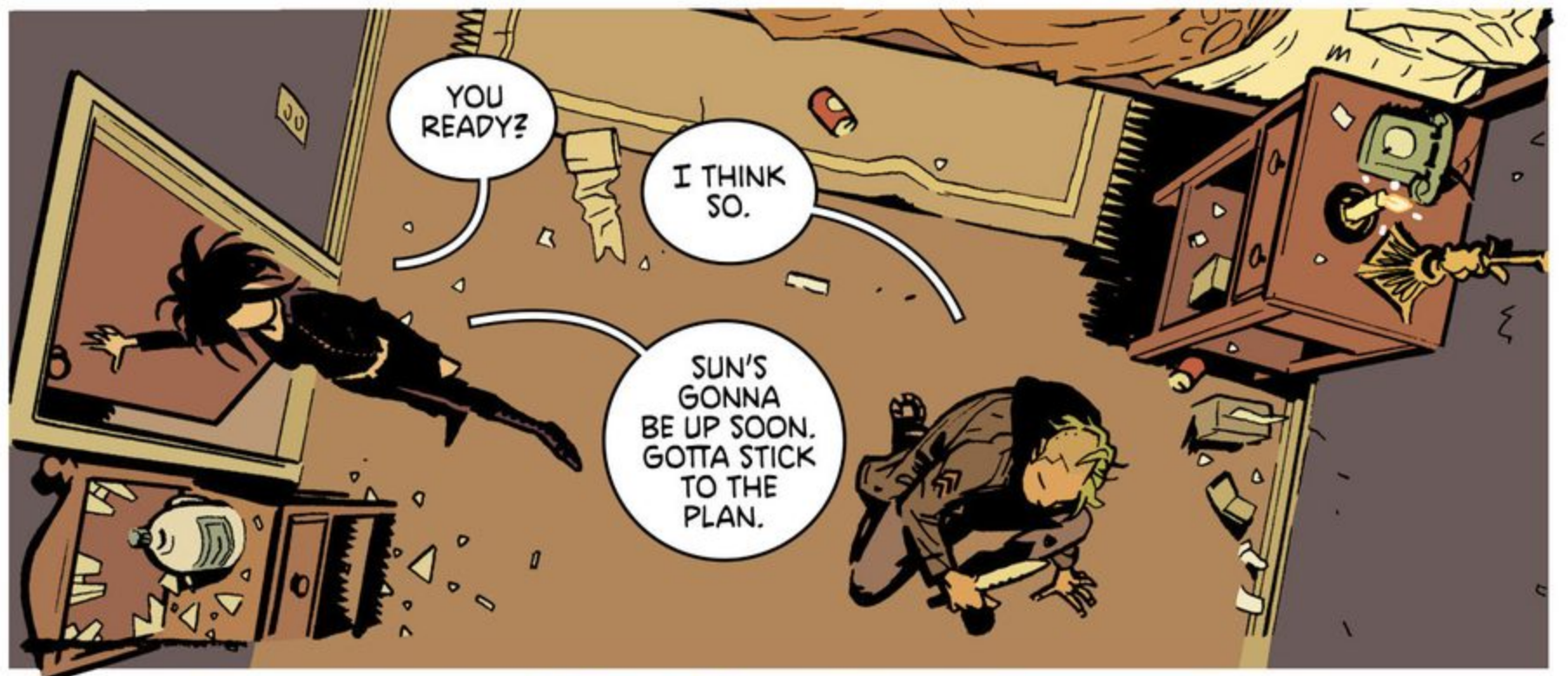
I ERASED HIS ENTIRE FUCKIN' LIFE FOR NOTHIN'.







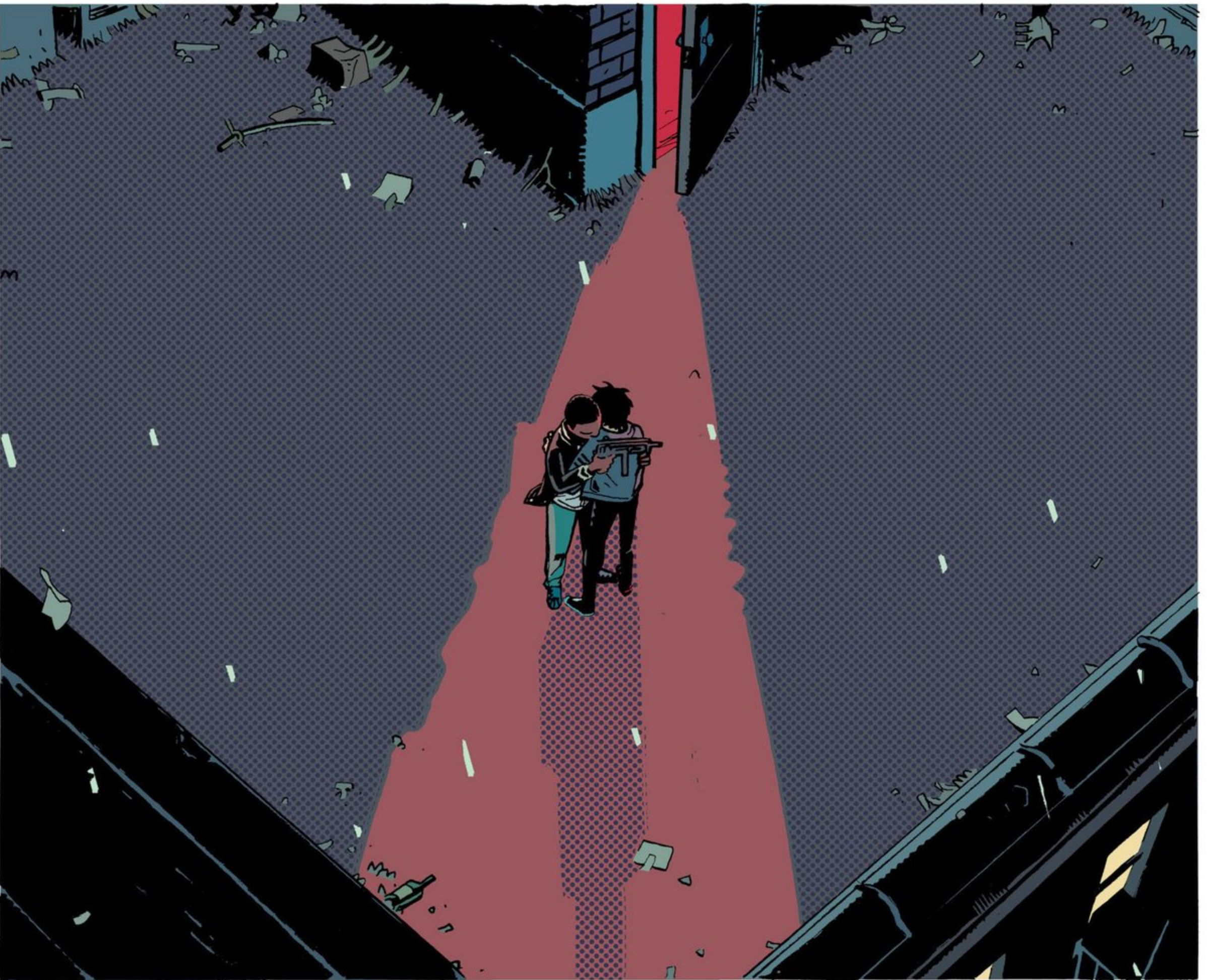




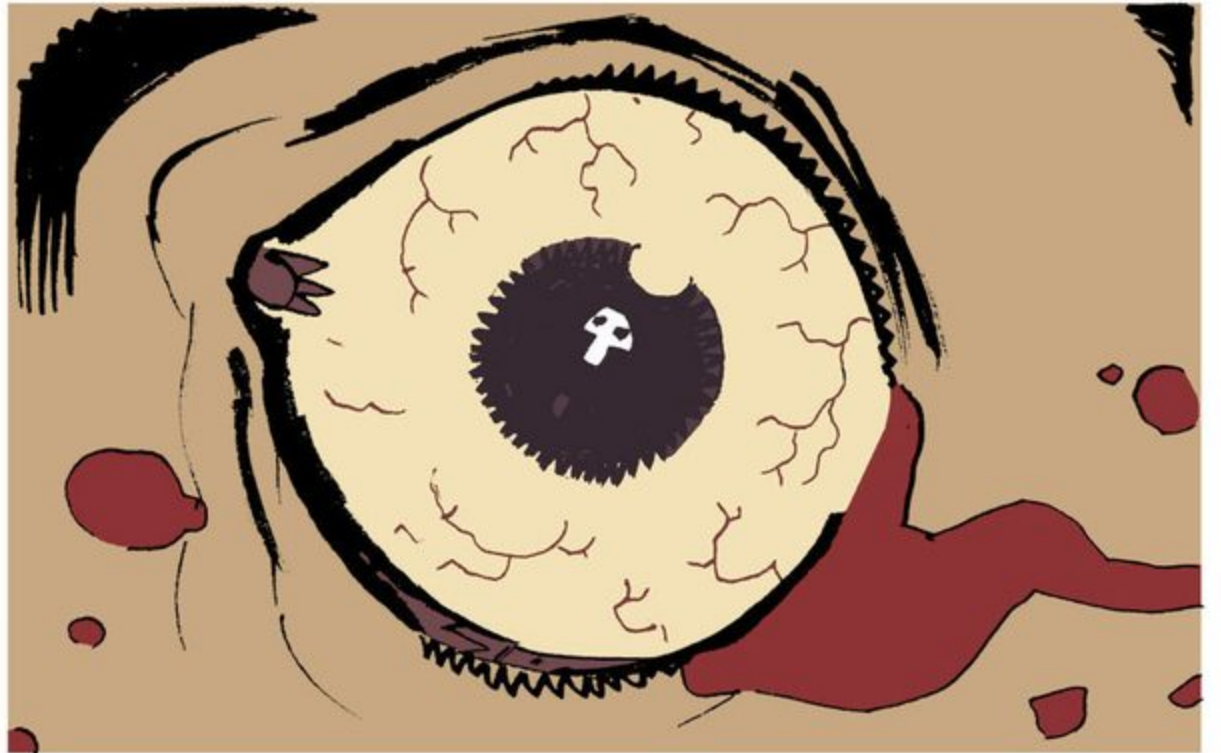
















WE'RE MEETING AT THE WEST PORTAL BART.

FROM THERE WE CAN TAKE HIGHWAY 1 AND HITCHHIKE TO SAN JOSE.



ONCE WE'RE OUT OF SAN FRANCISCO, HOTWIRING A CAR WON'T BE SUCH A BIG FLAG LIKE IT WOULD RIGHT NOW.

YEAH. THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED.



PROBLEM IS GOING TO BE MEXICO.

SWEET AS IT SOUNDS, I DON'T KNOW HOW WE'RE GOING TO SNEAK IN.



THE BORDER GOING SOUTH, NO ONE GIVES A FUCK ABOUT.



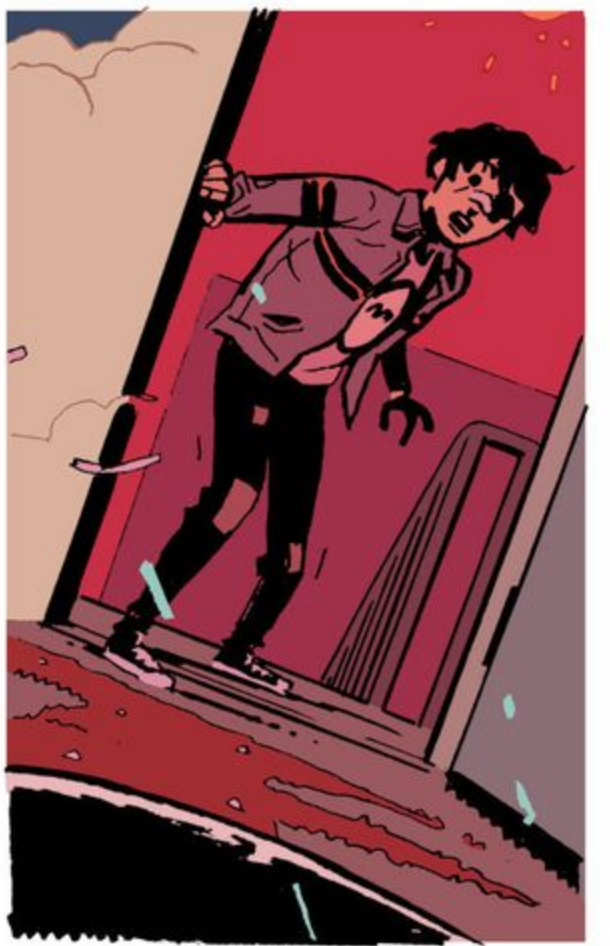
THAT'S EASY. TRUST ME.



THANKS, MAN. THANKS FOR TALKING ME DOWN.

AND I'M SORRY.

FOR WHAT?







I'M FLOATING.



SLEEPY AND DREAMLIKE.



THIS ISN'T
REALLY
HAPPENING.

I CAN'T FEEL
IT--LOST THE
CAPACITY.

HE JUST
DISAPPEARED.

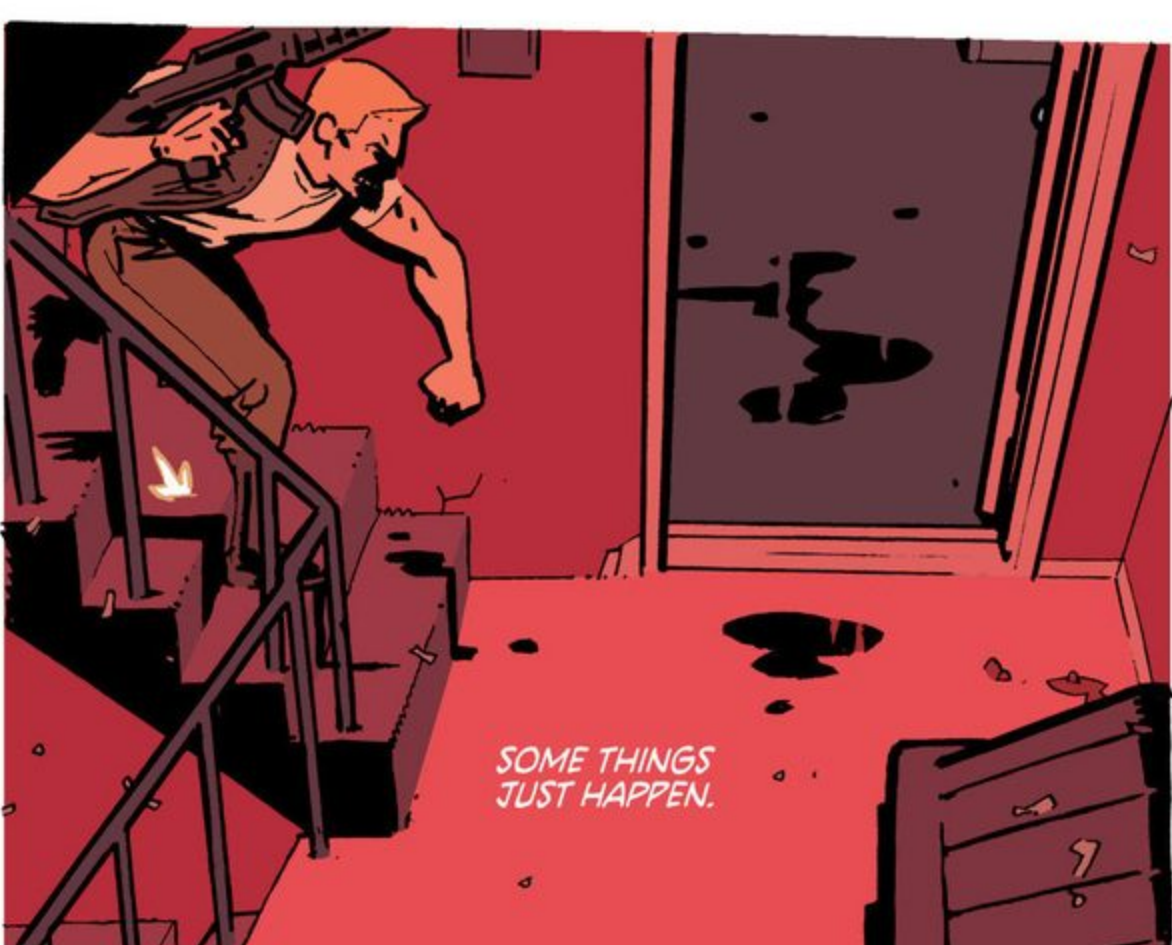
SOME THINGS
HAPPEN FOR
NO REASON.



THERE'S
NO PANIC.

A NUMB
HAZE.

ONE SECOND
HE WAS THERE,
AND THEN--



SOME THINGS
JUST HAPPEN.



DAD'S VOICE, "THIS ISN'T A
DRESS REHEARSAL, MARCUS.

"YOU ONLY GET
THE ONE TURN."



SURVIVE.

GOODBYE,
MARCUS.

KILL VIKTOR.

KILL MASTER LIN.

KILL THEM ALL.



ONE FLOOR ABOVE
ME A MAN SCREAMS.

DROWNED OUT BY
A MACHINE GUN.

SURVIVE.

PAY HIM
BACK.



THE FEAR HITS
FOR A SECOND.

THE HORROR.



SNAP OUT.

WHY BE
AFRAID?



I'M NOT GOING
TO DIE HERE.



NOT LIKE
THIS.

BARGH



NOT AFTER
EVERYTHING.



NOT LIKE WILLIE.

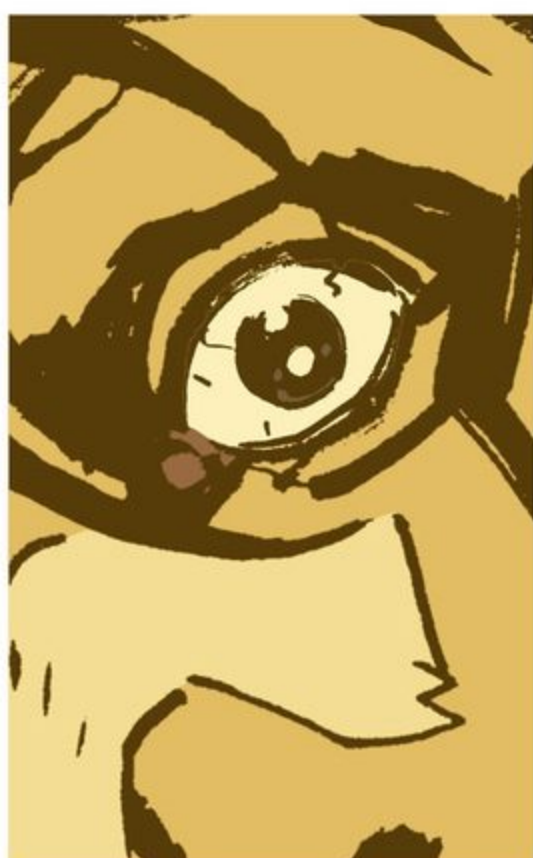
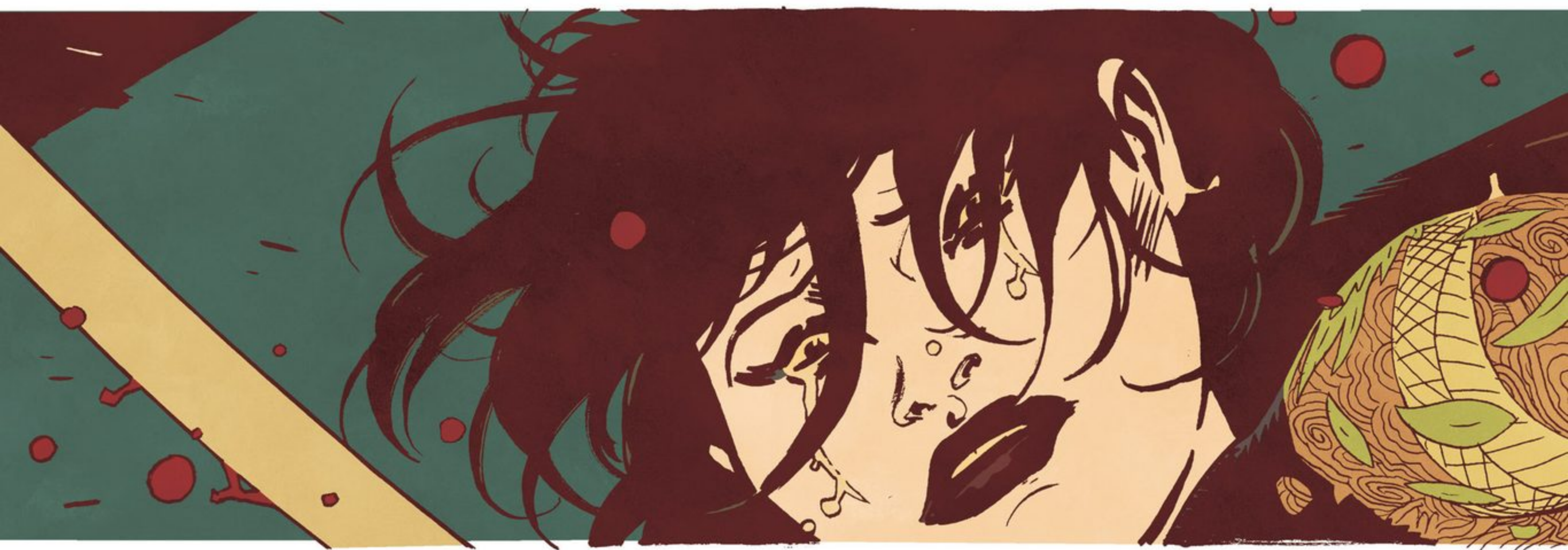


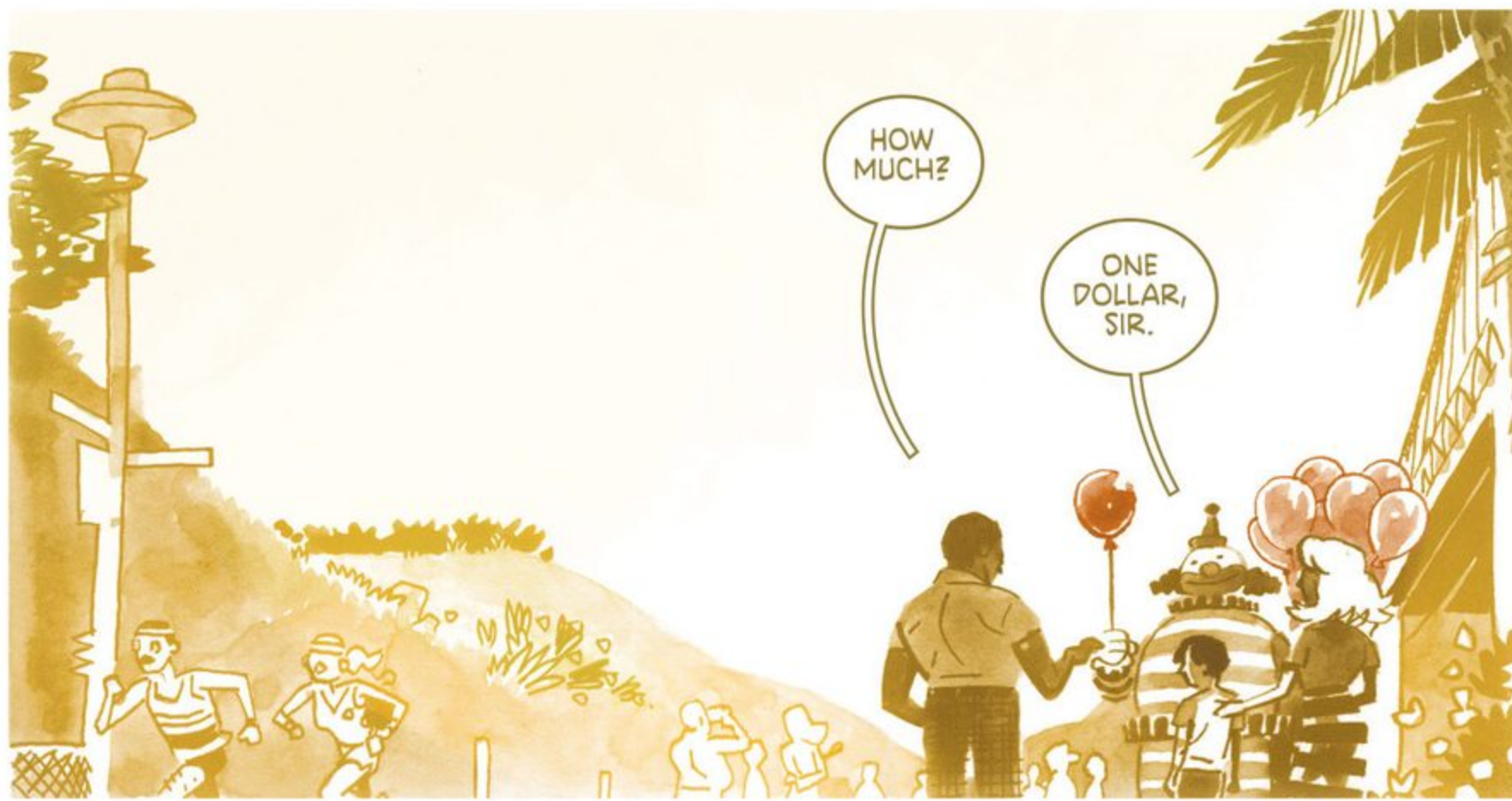
WON'T JUST DISAPPEAR.



IN THE MIDDLE
OF EVERYTHING.







MAYBE
WE'LL
SEE THE
SWANS.



